Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to ſupper?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maſters.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould have askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking: My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry.
Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loveſt,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Goe thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.
Rom. When the devout Religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drown'd could never dye,
Tranſparent Heretickes be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne're ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe pois'd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chryſtall ſcales let there be waigh'd,
Your Ladies love againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſhewes beſt.
Ro. Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.
Nurſe. *Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid: Where's this Girle? what* Juliet. *Enter* Juliet.
Juli. How now? who calls?
Nurſe. *Your Mother.*
Juli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe give leave a while, we
talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I have remembred
thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou know'ſt my daughter's of a
ty age.
Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.*
Wife. Shee's not foureteene.
Nurſe. *'Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene*
ſpoken, I have but foure, ſhee's not foureteene.
How long is it now to Lammas tide?
Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurſe. *Even or odd, of all daies in the yeer come* Lammas
at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chri*
ſoules, were of an age. Well, Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too goo*
me. But, as I ſaid, on Lammas *Eve at night ſhall ſhe be four*
then ſhall ſhee marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Ea
quake now eleven yeeres; and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall fo
it, of all the dayes in the yeere upon that day: for I had then
wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the Dove-h
wall: my Lord and you were then at Mantua, *nay I doe be*
braine. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the wormewood on the
ple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to ſee it teachie
fall out with the dug: Shake quoth the dove-houſe, 'twas no
I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is eleven ye
for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay by th' rood ſhee could have
and wadled all about: for even the day before ſhe broke her b
and then my husband, God be with his ſoule, a was a merry
took up the child, yea, quoth he, doeſt thou fall upon thy face?
wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not
and by my holidam the pretty wretch left crying and ſaid,
ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about. I warrant and I ſhall li
thouſand yeeres I never ſhould forget it: wilt thou not Jule, q
he? and pretty foole it ſtinted and ſaid, I.
Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thin*
ſhould leave crying and ſay, I, & yet I warrant it had on it br
bump as big as a young cockrels ſtone, a perillous knock, & it
bitterly: yea, quoth my husband, falſt upon thy face, thou wilt